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## THE ORIGIN OF THE OPERA.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of *The History of Music*.

THE first Opera ever heard in Europe was the opera of *Daphne*. It was performed in the year 1594, and was considered such an oddity by those who heard it, that there were not wanting people to exclaim loudly against the introduction of such a foreign and 'utterly unnatural drama,' as they were pleased to call it. The absurdity that the performers should sing their lines instead of speaking them, should fence and fight to the accompaniment of music, and even at the point of death should have a chorus standing round them, bewailing in alto, tenor, and soprano their woe, seemed a little too much for the gravity of many people; and the first opera was the butt of jeers, criticism, and ridicule. It was, in fact, a bold experiment on the part of a few cultivated men to revive in modern Europe the drama of the Greeks. The Count di Vernio was one of the most cultured men of his time, in an age of great refinement, when, it may be added, even ladies could read and write Latin, and many of them understood Greek. He himself, an excellent scholar, and a man of princely hospitality, threw open his house to all the learned men and great artists of Florence. The Count's Palace was a very gallery of antique art. Sculptures belonging to the best days of Greek art lined the walls; rare and costly paintings were to be seen in profusion; and side by side with the marbles of Praxiteles and Polycletus were to be found ancient manuscripts of untold value, obtained from the refugees of Constantinople, when that capital was sacked by the Turks, treating of the theoretical principles of Greek sculpture, painting, and music. There were weekly gatherings at the Palace of all that was learned and talented in Florence. It was the Count's custom to receive his guests in his hall; and then to take them round his galleries, hearing their criticisms of any new work he might have added recently to his treasures; or, in the case of those who now for the first time looked upon the wonders of the Palazzo Vernio, listening with

delight to the expressions of wonder and admiration which burst involuntarily from their lips. After the tour of the gallery was over, it was the usual practice for some one of the company to recite a poetical composition, while the others gathering round listened with attention, but at the same time with that attitude of mental reservation which a strongly developed faculty of criticism is likely to cause. After the poem was over, there was invariably a critical discussion of its merits.

Little by little it had become plain to these cultured *habitués* of the Palace that the best experiments and emulation of the poetic art of antiquity left something to be desired. There was still a deficiency felt, but not definitely understood, even when the odes of Pindar had been reproduced in Italian syllable for syllable; even when the poems of Sappho had received a complete and plastic transcription in the Tuscan dialect.

At last it was suggested, and suggested rightly, that ancient poetry was always accompanied by music. When Sappho would deliver one of her poems, she was not accustomed to recite her lines as an actor or an elocutionist at present, or as one of the poets who in Count Vernio's house repeated his latest effusion. She took a lyre in her hand, and striking the chords, sang her poetical lines in a sweet and impassioned voice, the effect of which, added to the charm of the poetry, produced that wonderful impression on her hearers which all antiquity testifies to. In the same way Pindar entrusted the delivery of his odes to a chorus of vocalists, who danced while they sang. Here, then, was the secret of the Greek poetical art at once laid bare, and it remained to be seen how far the poets and dilettanti at Count Vernio's gatherings could take advantage of it.

In the first place, the poets acknowledged a great and insuperable difficulty at the outset: none of them could sing. How, then, would it be to depute choruses of vocalists to sing the songs in the manner of Pindar and his chorus? And from this suggestion the way was not very

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long to that other proposal, which seemed but the natural sequel to the former—why not attempt the revival of that organised form of chorus and solo which was known as Greek tragedy, and which would be sure to attract public interest by the charming union of not only poetry and music but also of scenic display? Accordingly, one of their number was deputed to prepare a dramatic poem written on a given classical subject in the style of Sophocles, and a musician was commissioned to set it to music.

The tragedy of the Greeks, which was now to undergo the experiment of a revival in Europe, had been the growth of centuries in the classical clime wherein it was a native. The theatre was so arranged that the actors should stand on a high stage, furnished with scenery and all other requisites, while a distinct body of performers, called the chorus, had their place in what we should call the pit, but which the Greeks called the orchestra—a large flat circular enclosure, larger than the arena of any modern circus, and reaching from the verge of the stage to the rim of the lowest tier of benches which surrounded the enclosure. Here the chorus, who supplied both music and action to the development of the drama, had their traditional place.

The flimsy contrivances of gauze and canvas which do duty for scenes in a modern theatre were very far from satisfying the artistic nature of the Greeks. If the exterior of a house was to be represented, the façade would be built up with huge blocks of wood, painted to resemble stone. If an interior were portrayed, solid walls and massive furniture would be seen on the stage. For open-air scenes, the scenic artists endeavoured as far as possible to bring in the resources of nature to their aid; and as there was a park at the back of most theatres, the eyes of the spectators were regaled with real trees, real emerald turf, and sometimes real waterfalls plashing down a rock. The theatre itself had no roof; the performances took place in broad day, with the sun shining overhead, and the blue sky beaming down on the spectators.

The tragedy commenced by the curtain rolling down—it sank on rollers into the stage, while ours rises up to the flies—and revealing the scene in all its beauty to the spectators. Then the sound of instruments was heard, and the chorus, four or six abreast, marched in military order into the orchestra. They played flutes and lyres as they walked, the tune generally being a military march, to the sound of which they performed various martial evolutions in the orchestra, and then grouped themselves round the altar which rose in the midst of the large arena. When they took their place at the altar, the tune of the march ceased, and some sitting, some standing, in an attitude of classical repose, they commenced the overture to the tragedy.

The overture concluded, the actors would appear

on the stage, and while the chorus assumed a statuesque tranquillity round the altar, would declaim their lines in a sort of sonorous recitative, accompanied with occasional notes or chords on the lyre. This method of singing their parts, instead of speaking them, was in a manner forced upon the performers by the immense size of the theatre. The great theatre of Bacchus in which the tragedies took place accommodated with ease from thirty to forty thousand spectators. No elocution, however distinct, could reach the ears of the tenants of the farthest benches, or even be audible half-way through the immense throng. The actors, therefore, were compelled to chant their parts in order to make their voices carry the requisite distance. They were aided in this endeavour by a sort of miniature speaking-trumpet, which was fixed inside the waxen mask which they invariably wore, and which multiplied the natural tones of their voice to such a degree that they could send their monotonous recitative rolling through the theatre. After their dialogue and action had lasted a certain time, they left the stage; and the chorus, striking up their flutes and lyres, commenced a highly musical and melodious song, to the accompaniment of which they danced in mazy rings through the orchestra. The beauty of their dances was universally acknowledged, and arose presumably from the exceeding care in the preparation of them. Sculptors and painters came to assist the chorus-master at the rehearsals, and to suggest artistic and striking poses for the dancers. The weavings and interweavings of the lines of dancers were the subject of the most careful consideration on the part of their trainers; and the whole orchestra was traced with intricate patterns in chalk, over which the dancers plied their feet according to a preconcerted plan.

The choral dance over, once more the actors entered the stage, and in such alternate appearances of actors and chorus the structure of the play consisted.

Such was the highly artistic and finished form of musical composition which Count Verno and his friends designed to revive in Italy, and it remains for us to see how they succeeded in their task.

A performance on so gigantic a scale as the Greek tragedy was plainly out of the question, since there was neither the place nor the public to make such an innovation possible. The only places ever open to dramatic performances, or 'shows,' as we should more properly call them, were the halls of the nobility. There were no theatres except of the roughest kind, where the mysteries and moralities were performed; and there was no public able to appreciate aught of a refined nature except the nobles, and they preferred to confine all such representations to their own house. At banquets and at fêtes it was often the custom for a rich nobleman to offer to his friends a pageant. The awning at one end of the banqueting-hall would suddenly be lifted up, and would reveal an emblematic figure of Victory. A flourish of trumpets would announce the entry of another character—this would perhaps be a woman clothed in pure white, with a crown on her head, to represent Virtue. After sundry gestures had been gone through by these

two chief actors, Virtue would embrace Victory. Next, a figure hideous to behold, representing Crime, would be introduced, surrounded by a crowd of imps, symbolical of the Vices. Crime would endeavour to participate in the fraternity established between Virtue and Victory; but after many attempts and many useless seductions, he would be forced to retire, baffled, from the scene, amid the uproarious applause of the spectators, and to the complete satisfaction of everybody present, who saw in such a finale a very natural termination of the drama, and were so accustomed to simple entertainments, that they never desired anything stronger to stimulate their theatrical palates.

Count Vernio and his friends had such a public to cater for, and for such entertainments they proposed to substitute their revived Greek tragedy. How were they to proceed? In the first place, they found it impossible to arrange the theatre as the Greeks arranged it—that is, with a large open space between the stage and the spectators, wherein the chorus might perform their evolutions. This had reluctantly to be given up. Likewise had the elaborate scenery on the stage itself to be abandoned—the built-up houses, the verdant grass, the real trees. Most of the pomp and massive pageantry of the Greek drama fell away before the possibilities at the command of this handful of men, so zealous to revive, if not its divine dignity, at least its purity and all its beauty. The masks of the actors were an adventitious adjunct which the Count and his friends never thought of employing. With all this elimination, what, then, was left for the revived Greek tragedy to come and go on? There were the actors; the chorus—now removed from the orchestra, and most reluctantly placed on the stage; the scenery—marvellously robed of its splendour; and last, not least, the divine dramas left by the Greek poets, whereon to model the structure of the play.

Now, whenever the actors spoke, or rather chanted, in Greek tragedy, the poet made use of a certain metre called iambics, which is very well represented to us by our own iambic measure, such as Shakespeare writes in, with the exception that the Greek iambics were two syllables longer. Its metre was supposed, and correctly supposed, by the Greeks to approximate very nearly to the flow of ordinary prose. This was its especial utility. The actor could chant his speeches in a verse which did not violate any ideas of dramatic probability. The music which went in company with this homely form of verse was itself likewise very free and unmelodious, approaching the cadences of ordinary speech, rather than that exalted form of utterance which we call singing. The actor in reciting his iambics neither sang nor did he speak, but he chanted in a sort of half-musical, half-oratorical tone, being accompanied by occasional chords or notes of the lyre by the chorus, who, stationed beneath the stage, could supply the music to the actor's recitations from the same post of vantage which a modern band now occupy. Count Vernio and his friends were well aware of these various points; but as this peculiar species of musical declamation had never been heard in Italy, they were at a loss to know precisely what it was, or how they could reconcile the ears of their countrymen to accept it.

None of the band of dilettanti was successful in his experiments to reconstruct this defunct style of music, except Giulio Caccini, who, appearing at their assembly one day with a lyre or a violin—we forget which—declaimed with much art many passages of poetry, reproducing in an inimitable way the cadences of the old Greek style, and combining them with the spirit of modern music so successfully as quite to reconcile them to the modern ear. He accompanied himself with the violin or the lyre; but as the lyre of his day was by no means a faithful reproduction of the ancient Greek instrument, being a treble instead of a bass instrument, and as the violin was still less an adequate copy, it was resolved to accompany this style of declamation by the violoncello, called in those days the *viol da gamba*, which gave the bass notes so essential to bring the method of accompaniment in harmony with that of the Greeks. The style of musical declamation invented by Caccini was called *Recitative*, and it was resolved by the assembled company that throughout their tragedy the actors should speak in nothing but the recitative of Caccini. And so far—that is to say, in at least half the framework of their tragedy—they had brought their intended revival into complete harmony with its Greek model.

By placing the chorus on the stage they had put an end to the possibility of the choral dance. The stage was but a few long boards, of only three or four feet deep, and there was barely room for the actors to stand on it. The Greek dramatic traditions were likewise infringed upon, by the necessity of placing a body of instrumentalists in front of the stage, where we have them now, who could be present during the whole continuance of the tragedy, and could at once accompany the chorus in their song and the actors in their recitative. This was an essentially modern innovation, but, as we see, rendered entirely necessary by the peculiar arrangements of the stage on which Count Vernio and his friends had undertaken to produce their tragedy.

Next was the question, How to arrange the music of the chorus? And since the choral odes were at once the sweetest, the most rhythmic, and the most melodious pieces of music ever composed by Greek pen, the revivalists determined to give their composer *carte blanche* to write the chorus in the sweetest music he could compose in the modern style—employing modern harmony and modern melody.

Just as they were about to mould the result of their labours into a solid and artistic form, Count Vernio was summoned from Florence to Rome to take office in the Pope's household as Groom of the Chamber. The friendly reunions which had taken place in his house, and which had been of such untold importance on the development of modern music, were therefore brought to an untimely termination; and the dilettanti might have been deprived of their grand object at the very moment of its fulfilment, had it not been for the enthusiasm of Jacopo Corsi, a wealthy Florentine citizen, who invited them to meet henceforth in his sumptuous dwelling, to continue at their ease their investigations and experiments in musical art. Hither, then, they congregated, and here the finishing touches were put to the great design of launching a new musical art into the

world. The poet Rinuccini, who had been commissioned to write the words, had now brought his labour of love to a conclusion with the approval of the entire coterie; and Jacopo Peri, to whom specially the composition of the music had been entrusted, was likewise far advanced with his task. We do not know why Caccini, the inventor of recitative, was not commissioned to perform the musical part of the task; perhaps he was deficient in the melodic genius necessary to write the chorus; perhaps there was a rivalry between him and Peri, and the latter had succeeded in ousting the original inventor of the recitative style—at anyrate, we hear that Peri had taken up Caccini's invention and had soon come to write it almost as well as its master.

Jacopo Corsi's house possessed large and sumptuous halls, and in one of these a platform was fitted up to serve for the stage, sufficient room was allowed at the wings for the chorus to enter, and doors for the entry of the actors were made at the back. A band of musicians was stationed in the orchestra below the stage, their instruments consisting of a spinet, an organ, three flutes, one violin, four trombones, a horn, and four cornets. A grand *fête* was given by Corsi on the occasion of the performance; the *élite* of Florence flocked to his mansion to hear this extraordinary musical work, about which everybody gave different reports, but which each person seemed to believe would be unique, novel, and interesting. The hall was filled with spectators; the curtain rose; the singers came on the stage; the solitary violin twittered, the cornets too-toed, the spinet tinkled, the organ boomed, and the first opera ever heard in Europe was brought to a successful performance.

The piece was indeed successful among the chosen and select audience who had assembled to hear it. All people of cultivated tastes also were prepared by their knowledge of Greek culture to receive and sympathise with the efforts of Count Vernio's friends. But the general public were as yet quite uneducated in the style, and purely Philistine. The 'monotonous drawl of the recitative,' as they called it, they could not tolerate. They were firmly convinced that the whole opera from first to last should have been a collection and succession of purely melodious pieces. Antagonism, pasquinate, detraction, did their utmost to discredit the peculiar style of revived Greek music; but 'the Greeks,' as they were now called, still held their own. In a year or two's time, another opera, of more elaborate proportions, entitled *Eurydice*, was ready, Peri and Caccini being its joint composers. Owing to the unfortunate rivalry between these two men, they soon disagreed about the merits of their joint composition, and each resolved to write a *Eurydice* of his own. It was about this time that a great political marriage set all Florence alive with festivity and gaiety. King Henry IV. of France married Mary de' Medici, and the invention of all the caterers of amusement in Florence was taxed to do honour to the occasion. Among other entertainments, the new operas of 'the Greeks' were thought of as likely to add a zest of novelty to the spectacles, and they were duly performed before this enlightened Prince and his young bride. This opened a way for them into France, as the king expressed himself highly delighted

with the novelty of the music. And the other cities of Italy, seeing the good results which attended the Florentine operas, were not long in starting similar performances on their own account. In this way the Opera began to spread; and in fifty years it was established as the most refined and favourite form of music in all the countries of Europe.

### BLOOD ROYAL.\*

BY GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *In All Shades*, *This Mortal Coil*, &c.

#### CHAPTER XII.—TRAGEDY WINS.

MR PLANTAGENET had missed his son by walking through the archway of the Fellows' Quad, instead of through the Brew House. He emerged from the college by the big front gate. The High Street was lighted and crowded; so he preferred to turn down the dark lanes and alleys at the back of Christ Church, till he came out upon St Aldate's and the road to the river. Somewhat sobered as he still was by the unwonted excitement of that curious episode, he found the sherry once more beginning to gain the upper hand; it was hard for him to walk erect and straight along the pavement of St Aldate's, where a few small shops still stood open—for it was Saturday night—and a few people still loitered about in little knots at the corners. With an effort, however, he managed to maintain the perpendicular till he reached Folly Bridge; then he turned in at the wicket that leads down from the main road to the little tow-path along the dark and silent bank of the swollen Isis.

But if Edmund Plantagenet's legs were a trifle unsteady, his heart was all afire with wrath and remorse at this dramatic interlude. For the first time in so many years he began to think bitterly to himself of his wasted opportunities and ruined talents. Such as they were, he had really and truly wasted them; and though perhaps after all they were never much to boast of, time had been when Edmund Plantagenet thought highly indeed of them. Nay, in his heart of hearts, the broken old dancing-master thought highly of them still, in spite of everything, during all those long years: there were nights when he lay awake, sobering, on his hard bed at home, and repeated lovingly to himself the 'Stanzas to Evelina' which he had contributed ages ago to the *Book of Beauty*, or the 'Lines on the Death of Wordsworth' which he printed at the time in the *Yorkshire Magazine*, with a profound conviction that they contained, after all, some of the really most beautiful and least appreciated poetry in the English language. As a rule, Mr Plantagenet was fairly contented with himself and his relics of character: it was society, harsh, unfeeling, stupid society, that he blamed most of all for his misfortunes and failures. Still, to every one of us, there come now and then moments of genuine self-revelation, when the clouds of egotism and perverse misrepresentation, through which we usually behold our own personality in a glorified halo, fade away before the piercing light of truer introspective analysis, forced suddenly upon us by some disillusioning incident or accident of the

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moment : and then, for one brief flash, we have the misery and agony of really seeing ourselves as others see us. Such days may Heaven keep kindly away from all of us : such a day Edmund Plantagenet had now drearily fallen upon. He wandered wildly down the dark bank toward Iffley lasher, his whole soul within him stirred and upheaved with volcanic energy by the shame and disgrace of that evening's degradation. The less often a man suffers from these bouts of self-humiliation, the more terrible is their outburst when they finally do arrive to him. Edmund Plantagenet, loathing and despising his present self, by contrast with that younger and idealised image which had perhaps never really existed at all, stumbled in darkness and despair along that narrow path, between the flooded river on one side and the fence that enclosed the damp water-meadows on the other, still more than half drunk, and utterly careless where he went or what on earth might happen to him.

The river in parts had overflowed its banks, and the towing-path for some yards together was often under water. But Mr Plantagenet, never pausing, walked, slipped, and staggered through the slush and mud, very treacherous under foot—knowing nothing, heeding nothing, save that the coolness about his ankles seemed to revive him a little and to sober his head as he went floundering through it. By-and-by he reached the Long Bridges, a range of frail planks with wooden side-rails that lead the tow-path across two or three broad stretches of back-water from the Isis. He straggled across somehow, looking down every now and then into the swirling water, where the stars were just reflected in quick flashing eddies, while all the rest about looked black as night, but oh, so cool and inviting to his fevered forehead. So he wandered on, fiercely remorseful within, burning hot without, till he came abreast of a row of old pollard willows, close beside the edge of the little offshoot at Iffley lasher. The bank was damp, but he sat down upon it all the same, and grew half drowsy as he sat with the mingled effects of wine and indignation.

As he sat there, half reclining on the bank, and looking out with bloodshot eyes on the water in front of him, he murmured to himself some inarticulate words of terrible self-condemnation. 'That was a magnificent passage the fellow recited,' he cried—'a magnificent passage ; and it was I who wrote it ; I, Edmund Plantagenet. Did he know it, I wonder, or did he only lie to me ? Was it to shame and disgrace me in my blighted old age ? Well, well, he has succeeded ; he has shamed me at last, whom he thought past shaming. I remember well when I wrote that passage, and many another as fine—ay, as fine and finer. But that's all gone now, and what am I to-day ? A miserable, drunken, old, country dancing-master. It was different then—very different—very different. I was young in those days, and full of hope, and an author, and a gentleman. Yes, in those days, a gentleman. I knew all the best men and women of my time, and they prophesied fair things of me—Mrs Norton, Lady Postlethwaite, even Leigh Hunt and Thackeray. Ah, yes, they would have smiled if I'd told them so in there ; but I remember now as if it were yesterday how Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself took me once by the hand and

laid his honoured palms like a father on my head and gave me his blessing. And finely it's been fulfilled,' he added with a bitter cry—'and finely it's been fulfilled, as they'll see to-morrow.'

He paused a moment ; then he went on aloud once more. 'I've learned something to-night, though,' he continued in a thick voice to himself. 'Those graceless boys, though they never meant it, have taught me something. I thought Edmund Plantagenet's spirit was wholly dead and gone and broken. I know now it isn't, and I thank them for teaching me. I shall go on again now. I know where I'm going to.'

He rose and stumbled on, across a bend of the meadows, till he reached the river. Just there, the bank was very slippery and treacherous. Even a sober man could hardly have kept his footing on it in so dark a night. 'One false step,' Edmund Plantagenet thought to himself with wild despair—'and there would be an end of all this fooling. One false step—and splash ! A man may slip any day. No suicide in tumbling into a swollen river, of a moonless night, when the bank's all flooded !'

Still, on and on he walked, having staggered now far, far below Iffley, and away towards the neighbourhood of Sandford lasher. Slippery bank all the distance ; and head growing dizzier and dizzier each moment, with cold and wet, as well as wine and anger.

At last, of a sudden, a dull splash in the river ! Barge-men, come up late in the evening from Abingdon, and laid by now for the night under shelter of the willows on the opposite side, two hundred yards down, heard the noise distinctly. Smoking their pipes on deck, very late, it being a fine evening, one says to the other : ' Sounds precious like a man, Bill ! '

Bill, philosophically taking a long pull, answers calm at the end : ' More like a cow, Tom. None of *our* business, anyhow. Get five bob, mayhap, for bringin' in the body. Hook it up easy enough to-morrow mornin' ! '

Next morning, sure enough, a body might be seen entangled among the reeds under the steep mud-bank on the Berkshire shore. Bill, taking it in tow and bringing it up to Oxford, got five shillings from the county for his lucky discovery. At the inquest, thought it wise, however, to omit mentioning the splash heard on deck overnight, or that queer little episode of philosophical conversation.

The coroner's jury, for that end empanelled, attentively considering the circumstances which surrounded the last end of Edmund Plantagenet, late of Chiddington, Surrey, had more especially to inquire into the question whether or not deceased, at the time he met with his sudden death, was perfectly sober. Deceased, it seemed, was father of Mr Richard Plantagenet of Durham College, who identified the body. On the night of the accident, the unfortunate gentleman had dined at his own lodgings in Grove Street, and afterwards went round to take a glass of wine at Mr T. M. Faussett's rooms in Durham. Mr Faussett testified that deceased when he left those rooms was perfectly sober. Mr Trevor Gillingham, with the other undergraduates, and the college porter, unanimously bore witness to the same effect. Persons in St Aldate's, who had seen deceased on his way to Folly Bridge, corroborated

this evidence as to sobriety of demeanour. Deceased, though apparently preoccupied, walked as straight as an arrow. On the whole, the coroner considered, all the circumstances seemed to show that Mr Edmund Plantagenet, who was not a man given to early hours, had strolled off for an evening walk by the river bank, to cool himself after dinner, and had slipped and fallen—being a heavy man—owing to the flooded and dangerous state of the tow-path. Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence—Accidental death—with a rider suggesting that the Conservators should widen and extend the tow-path.

But Trevor Gillingham, meeting Faussett in quad after Hall that evening, observed to him confidentially in a very low voice: 'By Jove, old man, we've had a precious narrow squeak of it. I only hope the others will be discreetly silent. We might all have got sent down in a lump together for our parts in this curious little family drama. But all's well that ends well, as the Immortal One has it. Might make a capital scene, don't you know, some day—in one of my future tragedies.'

#### SOME NOTED AUSTRALIAN NUGGETS.

REFERRING to an interesting article entitled 'Gold in Nature,' appearing in this *Journal* April 19, 1890, and mentioning a nugget of one hundred and thirty-four pounds' weight found in 'South Australia' (Victoria?), perhaps a reference to some noted Australian nuggets and goldfields might be of interest. Chief amongst these nuggets comes the 'Welcome Stranger,' which contained over 2300 ounces of gold, worth about £9200, and was found on February 5, 1869, at Moliagul, near Dunolly, in Victoria. Next in rank comes the 'Welcome' Nugget, found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in the same colony, on June 11, 1878, at a depth of about one hundred and eighty feet. This nugget weighed nearly 2200 ounces in the gross, and its net value was £8780. It was sold for £10,000 to a party who wanted it for show purposes, and doubtless cleared thereby the difference in cost.

It would perhaps be a little too much to say that 'nuggets had family ties'; but though they usually 'lie low,' there are at times exceptions to the rule, and when found near the surface, as in the following instances, they are not infrequently in groups. The selections referred to (found in 1870, '71, and '72) are taken from the record of the 'Berlin' goldfield, in Victoria, and do not include the many minor nuggets found in that locality. 'Precious' Nugget, 1717 ounces, value £6868, Catto's Paddock, at a depth of twelve feet. 'Viscount Canterbury' Nugget, 1121 ounces, value £4420, John's Paddock, at a depth of fifteen feet. 'Viscountess Canterbury' Nugget, 896 ounces, value £3536. 'Kum Torr' Nugget, 795 ounces, value £2872, Catto's Paddock, at a depth of twelve feet. 'Needful' Nugget, 249 ounces, value £984, Catto's Paddock, at a depth of twelve feet. 'Crescent' Nugget, 179 ounces,

value £704, John's Paddock, at a depth of two feet. These members of the royal family of nuggets thus totalling nearly 5000 ounces of gold, worth £19,384.

As a rule, however, the richest goldfields are not those where the largest nuggets are found, as witness the well-known Gulgong Goldfield (New South Wales), referred to in Rolf Boldwood's capital story of *The Miner's Right*. The largest piece of gold found on this field was only sixty-four ounces in weight, and was so thoroughly coated with ferric oxide that the man who was forking the gravel, &c., out of the sluice-box in which it was found, was going to throw it out, but that its weight attracted him. This goldfield had for fourteen years maintained an average yield worth about £300,000 per annum, the total weight for that time being 1,072,752 ounces (nearly forty tons), valued at £4,162,550. As a great portion of the gold from this locality was found on private property and subject to a heavy royalty, large quantities were sent away through private hands, and thus were not included in the above return. In one part of this goldfield, known as the 'Canadian' lead, the gold—all alluvial deposits—was found in limestone caverns, often in company with the fossil remains of extinct mammoth kangaroos, &c. Some of these caves were over one hundred feet in length by a width of forty feet; but few of them were really bottomed, so as to test the depth, the inrush of water after reaching a certain level being too intense for the machinery on hand.

The auriferous district of which Gulgong is a part extends in a southerly direction for about one hundred miles, having a varying width of from thirty to ninety miles. It was in the Hargraves or Sofala branch of this great field that the famous nugget mentioned by Charles Reade in *Never too Late to Mend* was found; and subsequently other handsome nuggets were unearthed, including one at 'Maitland Bar,' weighing 344 ounces, and worth £1240. The former of these two nuggets was really found by a black-fellow, as described by Mr Reade, and contained about 1200 ounces of gold, worth £4500.

Between Hargraves and Bathurst lies the celebrated goldfield of Hill End, a reefing district adjoining the alluvial field of Tambaroora, which had previously been worked for many years. Hill End was chiefly noticeable for the richness of the narrow 'leaders'—quartz in slate and diorite—which were found in the sloping face of a very precipitous hill descending to the Turon River at its foot. Some of these claims were certainly wonderfully rich, especially considering their limited extent, few of them being over one hundred and twenty feet along the line of reef, if reef it could be called, it being so irregular in form. Notwithstanding their small size, these claims were eagerly bought up at one thousand pounds per foot along the supposed

or real line of reef; and yet, in spite of this and the enormous cost of sinking shafts—twelve pounds per foot—some of them paid extraordinary dividends. 'Krohmann's' claim, floated for £120,000, returned over £200,000 net to its shareholders; and 'Beyers and Holtermann's' claim did nearly as well as this. Carroll and Beard's, the next *en suite*, though yielding some rich crushings, came rather short of paying cent. per cent.

One enormous slab of slate, and quartz, and gold, all intermixed—from Beyers and Holtermann's claim—weighing about three hundred-weight in all—yielded fully 1200 ounces (one hundred-weight) of gold, the whole of the crushing, which included this, being worth about £60,000, and averaging about five hundred ounces to the ton. A similar quantity of stone from Carroll and Beard's claim, crushed at the same time, returned about 12,000 ounces of gold, worth £48,000.

In the claims succeeding those just mentioned, the gold was not found at a depth but principally in 'pockets'—to use a Californian term—some of these pockets being very near the surface of the ground. The discovery of the treasures of the Hill were indeed brought about through the accidental finding of one of these pockets by a man who was returning from an unsuccessful search for some of his cows, who had wandered down the steep hillside towards the better pastureage contained in some of the gulleys at its foot. Of course, as soon as it was discovered that the lower claims did not contain gold at a depth, a terrible shrinkage in value soon ensued, and hundreds, even thousands, of unfortunate men and women who had invested their savings in these claims in the hope of their turning out as rich as Krohmann's had been, were irretrievably ruined.

The goldfields of Temora, Grenfell, Lambing Flat, Snowy River, Araluen, &c., yielded each in turn large quantities of gold; but none of them were noted for producing individual pieces of large size, though some respectable nuggets of from sixty to six hundred ounces in weight were found at 'Little River,' in the Braidwood district.

Queensland has some splendid goldfields, which for general productiveness have hardly been surpassed. These include Gympie, Croydon, Charters Towers, and the famed Mount Morgan mine, which latter property was once valued by the public at £15,000,000; its present market value is about £1,500,000. Prior to the introduction of the chlorination process, only about half the gold contained in the stone was saved, and the whole claim could have been purchased for a very much smaller sum.

The fields last mentioned, though maintaining handsome yields per ton upon the average, do not properly come within the range of an article dealing with rich specimens, which, as has been premised, are occasionally found on some of the poorest fields. As a rule, the yield from the

Queensland reefing fields above mentioned has been much more reliable than is the case in other colonies, though Victoria has some good reefs still in work.

#### RALPH THORNLEIGH'S PICTURE.

BY E. D. COMING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SHE refused you!' exclaimed Miss Elizabeth Macallan, throwing up her hands in astonishment.

'She refused me,' assented Colonel Stardale with grave composure.

'Well, if the sky had fallen, it would not have surprised me more,' declared Miss Macallan. 'What does the girl mean?'

Colonel Stardale shook his head slightly, but made no verbal reply. If the truth must be told, the collapse of the firmament was to his mind an hour ago an event more possible than his rejection by Miss Beatrice Cairnswood.

Fortune had dealt so kindly with the Colonel that he might be pardoned for entertaining a high opinion of himself. The world in which he moved like a social constellation had taught him to believe that his will might ever be his way; that, above all, he might marry any woman he chose to honour with his preference; and Colonel Stardale had learned his lesson. But until to-day he had never himself initiated a movement in a matrimonial direction; and now, when for the first time he had offered his hand and heart, they had been declined. Gratefully, almost affectionately, but positively declined; and the Colonel was stunned.

'She must be mad,' said Miss Macallan with conviction—'mad!'

'She was very decided in her refusal,' sighed Colonel Stardale as he stirred his tea—'very decided. But I am unwilling to believe that I have received her final answer. Perhaps I—ah—took her by surprise.'

Miss Macallan could not trust herself to reply; she sat nervously fingering the sugar-tongs, now and again stealing a half-fearful glance at her companion, who remained silently gazing at his patent leather boots, while he wondered whether the events of the last half-hour had been a dream.

Colonel Stardale was a handsome, soldierly-looking man of two or three and forty; his youthful athletic figure was the admiration of Park and Clubland alike. His dress was as nearly perfect as human tailor could make it, and almost painfully neat; no one had ever seen the Colonel with an unbrushed hat or a speck of mud on his white gaiters; and he bore himself with a self-possessed grace which nothing had ever been known to ruffle. He had retired some years ago from the 50th Hussars to devote himself to the affairs of his estate in Wiltshire, and to shed the halo of his presence upon Society: and—he had eighteen thousand a year.

For some months past his attentions to Miss Macallan's niece, Beatrice Cairnswood, had furnished the afternoon tea-tables of his many friends with a favourite topic of conversation;

and latterly they had been sufficiently marked to justify ladies of an inquiring turn of mind in asking Miss Macallan whether there was really 'anything between her niece and the Colonel.' To which questions that excellent woman would protest absolute ignorance; but in accents which were intended to, and did, lead people to believe they might expect to hear something ere long. And now, when every one was worked up to a feverish pitch of expectancy, the Colonel had proposed; and Beatrice had rejected him!

While her aunt makes spasmodic and unheeded efforts to console the disappointed suitor, we may leave the drawing-room and go in search of Miss Cairnswood.

We find her lying back in a deep armchair in the library where Colonel Stardale left her. She is a little girl, whose face is framed with tangles of unruly brown hair. Now the face is in repose, it is almost insignificant; you might pass it a dozen times in the street and scarcely notice it; but when the eyes light up with animation the change is wonderful, and you marvel no longer that men should rave about Beatrice Cairnswood's beauty. She is only twenty, and Colonel Stardale is the fourth admirer who has 'come to the point'; but no one, not even a woman, has ever called her a flirt. She is an orphan, absolutely dependent upon her uncle, Mr Angus Macallan, who, with his sister Elizabeth and herself, comprise the household at No. 65 Wariston Square, South Kensington. She has no money beyond the 'dress allowance' given her by her uncle, and no expectations; for there is a young Mr Macallan out in China who is to inherit whatever his father may have to leave.

She looks very grave and preoccupied as she sits looking dreamily into the fire. Colonel Stardale was quite mistaken when he told Miss Macallan that he might have taken her by surprise when he proposed this afternoon. Beatrice had been prepared for his declaration, and had done her utmost to stave it off, hoping he would understand her; and twice she had succeeded in postponing the evil day. But the Colonel could not or would not believe she was indifferent to him, and insisted in rushing upon his fate. The interview had lasted but three minutes, for her refusal had so astounded the gentleman that he could only preserve his customary calm by beating a hasty retreat.

Could she bring herself to look upon him as—ah—something more than a friend? he had asked her. Beatrice, somewhat vehemently, would be glad if he would always allow her to regard him as a friend, but— The Colonel begged pardon, but perhaps he had not made his—meaning clear; he sought for the honour of her hand, to—ah—make her his wife, in fact. Beatrice, fidgeting nervously and turning red and white by turns, was sorry—very sorry—because she had always liked him so much; but she couldn't marry him. —Couldn't marry him? Oh no!—She really did not know what to say or how to thank him; but he must not ask her again, for she couldn't possibly marry him.—Might the Colonel presume so far as to ask—ah—why not?—Beatrice knew how ungrateful she must seem, but, but— Well, the truth was, she didn't like him well enough. This was the admission which took her suitor's breath away; and Miss Cairnswood had

scarcely realised what had passed by the time Colonel Stardale had reached the drawing-room and announced his rejection to Miss Macallan.

Half an hour later, the shutting of the hall door told her that the Colonel had taken his departure; and the rustle of her aunt's dress on the stairs warned her to make ready for an interview which would not be much pleasanter than the last. Colonel Stardale's excellences and income had been dangled before her eyes with untiring perseverance ever since she made that gentleman's acquaintance, and she had a very fair idea of what was before her. A moment more, and the elder lady sailed into the library and took a chair opposite her niece.

'Well, Beatrice?' she began questioningly, as though she had responded to a summons at grave personal inconvenience. 'Well?'

As her aunt did not seem inclined to open the ball, and Miss Cairnswood knew by bitter experience that the longer she was allowed to nurse her ire the more violent would be its ultimate explosion, she judiciously gave her an opening.

'I suppose Colonel Stardale has told you?' she said.

'Colonel Stardale *has* told me of your extraordinary conduct. I am utterly at a loss to comprehend it myself, and thought you might feel that some explanation was due,' said Miss Macallan, folding her hands in her lap and sitting very stiffly upright.

'I don't like him well enough,' said Beatrice, to whose mind this reason was quite conclusive.

'Don't like him well enough!' echoed her aunt. 'Have you forgotten what his position is? Have you forgotten that he has eighteen thousand pounds a year?'

It had been passing strange if the amount of the Colonel's income had escaped Beatrice's memory: the figures had been dinned into her ears almost hourly for the last six months.

'But I can't marry a man I don't care for,' argued Beatrice, plaintively. 'Could you, auntie?' 'No one wants you to do so,' retorted Miss Macallan, rather illogically. 'But when you go and refuse a man, for a chance of marrying whom half the girls in England would give their ears—when you actually throw away—' Upon my word,' she broke off angrily, 'I don't know what you expect.'

Beatrice sighed deeply, and resigned herself to listen, for she saw her aunt had much to say yet.

'I can't understand you,' went on Miss Macallan. 'When Mr Cooper proposed and you declined him, I said little, because I knew there was Captain Geoffreys. When you refused Captain Geoffreys, I felt confident you would not have done so had Sir Barnaby Phipps not been paying you so much attention. I own I was disappointed when you gave Sir Barnaby his congé, because then the Colonel had only seen you two or three times, and of course I never anticipated that he would take a fancy to you.—What *does* it all mean?' almost wailed the old lady. 'Is there any one else coming on?'

'There's no one else coming on, as you express it,' replied Beatrice shortly. It gave her no pleasure to hear her conquests thus told off on her aunt's fingers. She looked upon Mr Cooper and

the others as so many friends lost, and had no ambition to add more to the list.

'Why don't you like Colonel Stardale?' cried Miss Macallan, goaded to desperation by her niece's calmness. 'He's a very handsome man; he's certain to get the seat for Chalksbury at the next election; and, as I've often, often told you, he's got eighteen'—

'Oh, don't tell me that again, Aunt Elizabeth.'

'Such folly; such—such'— But at this point Miss Macallan's voice failed; she dissolved in tears and left the room.

'I am glad that's over,' said Beatrice to herself as the door closed behind her aunt. 'I really think I'd better explain everything to Uncle Angus. I daresay he will be angry; but I think I can manage him. I wish he would be quick and come in.'

As though in answer to her wish, the hoarse cough she knew so well proclaimed that Mr Macallan had just come in from the City, and was taking off his coat in the hall. Beatrice went to the library door and called him.

'Uncle, come here for a minute; I want you.'

If Mr Angus Macallan was master of the house, Miss Cairnswood was mistress of the master. Her lightest word was law to the old gentleman, and she might have led him a terrible life had she pleased. He followed her into the room, rubbing his hands briskly before he took her head between them and bestowed his usual kiss.

'What is it, Bee?' he inquired, taking the chair she had just vacated.

'Colonel Stardale was here to-day, uncle.'

There was a long pause.

'I suppose you are going to tell me that he proposed to you?' said Mr Macallan at length.

'Yes, uncle.'

'Hum!' Miss Cairnswood had never discussed her last suitor with her uncle, and, influenced by his sister's views, that gentleman thought it quite probable that Beatrice had at last found some one to her mind. But previous occurrences of a like nature rose to his thoughts, and he had his doubts. He therefore tapped his finger-tips together and looked at his niece with an inviting smile.

'And I refused him,' said Beatrice, slowly.

Mr Macallan pursed up his lips, and his smile faded. Beatrice sat waiting for him to speak, and uncle and niece stared at each other for two minutes in silence.

'Does your aunt know?'

'Yes, I'm afraid she's dreadfully disappointed.'

'It is a pity you don't care for him,' remarked Mr Macallan; 'but I would not have you marry any man, however good his position, unless you really liked him.'

Beatrice slipped from her chair and came over to her uncle's side, blushing hotly.

'What's the matter, Bee?' asked the old man, putting his arm round her.

'I must tell you, uncle,' answered Beatrice in a quavering voice. 'I like somebody else. And he hasn't any money; so we can't marry. And I won't marry anybody else. There!'

It was a short but comprehensive story. Mr Macallan, however, had suspected the existence

of some secret of this kind, and his niece's confession was not altogether a surprise. He drew her on to his knee, and petted her hand for a few minutes until she recovered her composure.

'Tell me all about him, my dear. What is he? Could I help him at all?'

Beatrice shook her head.

'I'm afraid not, uncle. You see, he's an artist; he paints most beautifully, but somehow he can't sell his pictures. And he is so dreadfully hard up that he doesn't like to go out in the daytime in his shabby clothes.' And with this, Beatrice completely broke down.

Mr Macallan drew her head down upon his shoulder and soothed her, looking very grave the while. This was indeed an unlucky attachment; an artist who could not sell his pictures, and wore clothes which would not bear the light of day! It was about as bad a business as could be, and he felt that he must not encourage Beatrice by receiving further confidences. Had the 'somebody else' been a steady young man in the City, now, Messrs Macallan & Son might have been able to put something in his way; might have found him some appointment whose emoluments would enable him to marry. But an artist; and one who couldn't sell his pictures! Mr Macallan felt the spring of sympathy cooling in his breast, and he released Beatrice without asking any more questions. He could not let her go without a word of reassurance, however; though, as he spoke, he knew it was not particularly inspiring.

'Well, Bee, if you can't marry the man you do like, I'll never press you to marry one you don't like. Be sure of that.' He put her down, and went up-stairs to find his sister. He knew that Miss Macallan had set her heart upon this brilliant match for their niece, and as a matter of fact, was himself more disappointed than he cared to show. He was keenly anxious to see Beatrice happily settled, though the house would be sadly dull when she left it; but his motives for desiring it differed widely from those which actuated his sister.

Mr Macallan was by no means the wealthy man he was popularly supposed: the China trade was passing through an era of depression which had obliged many old City houses to close their doors during the last few years. Messrs Macallan had weathered the storm so far, but it had tried them sorely, and men behind the scenes said the banks were beginning to look shyly at the firm. It might pull through if things in the East soon took a turn for the better; but if they did not— The knowing ones shook their heads, and spoke in undertones of 'poor old Angus.'

Mr Macallan never mentioned business matters at home; but latterly his sister and niece had noticed the weary air he wore when he came in from the office in the evening. Last year, when the snug little dinners which had been a bi-weekly institution were given up, Miss Macallan thought it a pity her brother should lose his taste for society just when Beatrice had 'come out'; but she never imagined there was any reason for it beyond that he gave—he was not so young as he used to be, and preferred quiet evenings. Then the butler and two or three servants had been dismissed, and the stable

department reduced. It then became apparent to Miss Macallan that retrenchment was the order of the day; but neither she nor Beatrice was called upon to exercise any little economies, and they had no suspicion of the gaunt skeleton in the cupboard which was growing month by month more impatient to show himself. They lived more quietly, but gave up no comfort or luxury to which they had been accustomed, and there was nothing to suggest that money was growing scarcer day by day.

Mr Macallan found his sister in the drawing-room brooding over a novel in a state of moist depression. She, like Colonel Stardale, was asking herself, 'What will people say?' and was answering the large question with the words conviction forced upon her—namely, that Beatrice would never have such a chance again—never.

'Have you seen that wretched girl?' she asked gloomily, as her brother came in.

'Yes; I know all about it.'

'What are we to do with her?' asked Miss Macallan, rocking herself to and fro, while she felt for her pocket-handkerchief.

'She must go her own way in these matters,' replied Angus, poking up the fire; 'but it would have been a great weight off my mind had she accepted the Colonel.'

'She is a dreadful responsibility,' groaned Miss Macallan. 'An awful responsibility.'

'And is likely to become a much heavier one,' added Angus, 'when she is cut off from society.'

'What do you mean?' asked his sister, alarmed by the earnestness of his tone.

'I mean this,' said the old gentleman, turning in his seat to look her straight in the face—I mean that we can't go on living in our present style. I can't afford it; and it is only fair to tell you that certain contingencies may arise within the next few months which will oblige me to make a radical change: I shall have to sell off the house, furniture, and all I have.'

'Angus!' exclaimed Miss Macallan, turning pale.

'It is best you should know the truth, Elizabeth. Things may pull round, but I haven't much hope of it. That is why I am anxious to see Beatrice safely housed in a home of her own.'

'What are the contingencies you spoke of?' inquired Miss Macallan.

'It would answer no purpose to explain them precisely. But I may tell you that we are hanging by our last rope: the sale or mortgage of certain property in the East.'

'You mean that the firm will fail if you can't realise the value of the property by a given date?'

'That's it, exactly,' replied Angus with deliberation. He had for so long been staring ruin in the face that he was becoming callous about himself; but he quailed before the thought of his sister, his numerous dependents, and, above all, of Beatrice reduced to penury. His failure would blight her life in all reasonable likelihood. What would she do in a remote London suburb or French country-town, whichever he might select as hiding-place for his fallen grandeur?

'Have you told Beatrice all you have told me?' asked Miss Macallan after a long silence.

'No. I couldn't bring myself to do it after I had heard her story.'

'What story?' asked the old lady, scenting revelations.

'She has fallen in love with a penniless artist. I don't know his name or anything about him, except that he is penniless. And Bee declares she will never marry any one else.'

'Ah!' said Miss Macallan. It is a very inexpressive word on paper; but Elizabeth Macallan's 'Ah!' conveyed whole volumes. Her brother moved uneasily as he heard it, and tried to repair the mischief the monosyllable told him he had done.

'She is very sensible about it,' he said—'acknowledges that she can't marry the man, and doesn't go in for romance or sentimentality about him.'

'I knew there must be something at the bottom of it all,' said Miss Macallan quite cheerfully. Some people derive their purest pleasure from being right at their own expense.

'Don't say anything about it to her,' said Angus; 'it would do no good, and only distress her.' (Miss Macallan emitted a snort of contempt.) 'He never goes anywhere, and they never meet. The affair will die a natural death if we ignore it.'

The lady made a gesture of acquiescence, but privately resolved to learn all Beatrice could tell her about the penniless artist before she went to bed that night. If Angus Macallan had known the sex a little better, he would have acknowledged the unwisdom of confiding so tempting a secret to his sister with instructions to keep silence.

Accordingly, when Beatrice had retired to her room, her affectionate relative pursued her thither, and without much difficulty cajoled her into telling everything relative to her lover.

His name, it appeared, was Ralph Thornleigh; he was the son of a country gentleman, and had come with a little money and some good introductions to seek his fortune in London. He had spent the former gaily, never doubting that his talents would soon be recognised and place him far above the reach of want. Beatrice met him for the first time at a ball; they danced together; went down to supper together; sat out together; danced together again, and sat out a little more. Thereafter, they met ten or a dozen times at parties of various kinds, and in due time discovered that they had been born for one another. He told Beatrice he was not in a position to ask her for any promise, but had every reason to believe he should be soon. She, being perfectly certain in her own mind that his success was merely a matter of months, if not weeks, told him she would wait.

Then there was no actual engagement?—No-o; it couldn't be called an engagement, because Ralph hadn't given her a ring; but there was an understanding. It was true that since he had run through his money, he had been going steadily down hill, and was never seen anywhere; but that didn't make any difference: she had promised to wait for him, and would wait.—How long?—Well, for Ralph's own sake Beatrice hoped it would not be long before people began to buy his pictures; but really she didn't know.—And did Beatrice mean to say that she had

refused Mr Cooper, Captain Geffreys, Sir Barnaby Phipps, and of all men in the world, Colonel Stardale, all on account of this artist person?—Yes; that was what Beatrice meant; not that she would have accepted any one of them, even if Ralph had not existed, for she did not care for them. She couldn't love any one but Ralph Thornleigh; would marry him if she had to wait till she was forty.—Indeed! And where did she propose to wait?—With Uncle Angus, if he would keep her.—Oh! Then Beatrice had better review her determination very seriously for a day or two. If she was in the same mind about waiting, say by Sunday, Aunt Elizabeth would have something to tell her which might cause her to think differently.

#### THE RECREATIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

RECREATION is as necessary in the economy of life as work. There is profound philosophy in the nursery lines about all work and no play. Health of body and vigour of mind are essential to the full enjoyment of life; and recreation, amusement, diversion, is a really important factor in the promotion of this desirable condition. It stimulates the imagination, and lifts us out of the ruts along which the routine of our ordinary life forces us to travel. Voltaire, indeed, went so far as to say that 'amusement is the first necessity of civilised man.' On the other hand, a great living French critic represents 'amusement as a comfortable deceit by which we avoid a permanent *tête-à-tête* with realities that are too heavy for us.' We agree with neither dictum. Why should we put amusement into competition with the realities of life? It is simply a relaxation from those realities, and in that respect is, as Voltaire says, a necessity, though not 'the *first* necessity of civilised man.' We can't afford to part with any advantage. We learn by laughter as well as by tears, we grow strong by rest as well as by work. The breeze playing round the temples is as necessary to the vigour of the mind as a dose of metaphysics or a chapter of Plato. Dean Swift's favourite maxim was, 'Vive la bagatelle!' He thought trifles a necessary part of life, and perhaps found them necessary to himself.

Mr Gladstone's recreations take the form of writing pamphlets on theological controversy, or felling trees; and no professed wood-cutter is more expert in laying prostrate a mighty oak than the right honourable gentleman. Chemistry engrosses the leisure moments of his political opponent, Lord Salisbury. Carteret, another English statesman, when driven from office, 'retired laughing,' says Macaulay, 'to his books and his bottle.' Fox found relief from political work in his loved Greek authors, as did the late Lord Derby, the Rupert of debate. Talleyrand in the intervals of ministerial work played whist. Peiresc, a French antiquary, found his amusement amongst his medals and intaglios; the Abbé de Marolles with his prints, of which he collected about one hundred thousand, which are now in the National Museum of Paris. Rohault,

a Cartesian philosopher of the seventeenth century, wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour. Goldsmith tells us of a famous painter whose whole delight, during his confinement in prison for debt, consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricature. King Louis XIII. of France spent much of his time in catching small birds or making *jets-d'eau* with quills.

It is said of George Herbert that 'the one delight of his life in the way of recreation was music, setting and singing his own hymns and anthems to viol and lute.' Many learned men have found recreation in the same way. A bye-work of this kind always provides a delightful rest or change. Bishop Warburton confessed that music was always a necessity to him when engaged in intellectual labour. Addison says: 'A man that has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of these arts.' Milton loved music, and used to play upon an organ. Carlyle tells us that 'the main recreations' of Frederick the Great 'were music and the converse of well-informed friendly men'—two things of which, we may remark, George Eliot was also passionately fond. Dr Johnson, it would seem, had no sympathy with those who thus amused themselves. A lady after performing with the most brilliant execution a sonata on the pianoforte in the presence of the great Doctor, turning to him, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music. 'No, madam,' replied the philosopher; 'but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable.' He would agree with the poet who says:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

The favourite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, 'bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better, than any artist of his day.' Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. 'Nephew,' said Sir Godfrey, 'you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world.' 'I don't know how great you may be,' said the Guinea man, 'but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas.'

Another great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, used to amuse himself in his last days in his house in Leicester Square with a little tame bird, which, like the favourite spider of the prisoner in the Bastille, often served to while away a lonely hour. But this proved a fleeting pleasure, for one summer morning, the window of the chamber being by accident left open, the little favourite took flight, and was irrecoverably lost, although its master wandered for hours in the square and neighbourhood in the fruitless endeavour to regain it.

The favourite recreations of the late Field-marshal Count Von Moltke were chess and whist, which he rarely missed playing after dinner. The Count was an authority on the culture of

roses; and at Kreisau, where he spent most of his time after his retirement from active service, he possessed one of the finest and most unique collections of roses in Germany.

Sir William Temple relaxed his mind from the affairs of state by clipping his apricots or cultivating his tulips. Gardening was an exercise in which he much indulged. An epicurean himself, he says in his famous *Essay on Gardens*: 'Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden. There he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and indeed,' he goes on to say, 'no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body which he made his chief ends.' Other great men, as well as Epicurus and his disciple, Sir William, have loved gardening without, however, finding it to contribute to that bodily indolence of which the philosopher speaks. What a sturdy specimen of manhood was Martin Luther, for example, and yet gardening was a favourite amusement with him. Writing to a friend to procure him some seeds, he says: 'While Satan rages, I will laugh at him, and enjoy my Creator in the garden.' An ingenious writer has observed that 'a garden just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.'

In Pope's letters there is a characteristic account of the mode in which men of learning take exercise. 'I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while.' Archbishop Whately was seen to most advantage at Redesdale, his country-seat near Dublin, gardening, tree-cutting, grafting, and romping with his children and dogs. With him, as with many eminent men, Bismarck, Sir Walter Scott, Hogarth, Rubens, Henry Irving, and others, dogs were great favourites. One especially, which he possessed at Oxford, was noted for his climbing performances; and it was the great delight of Dr Whately to exhibit his feats in Christ Church meadow. On the very morning on which he had received the letter of Lord Grey offering him the see of Dublin, a visitor who was a stranger to him was asked out to see the feats of his climbing dog. The animal performed as usual; and when he had reached his highest point of ascent, and was beginning his yell of wailing, Whately turned to the stranger and said: 'What do you think of that?' 'I think that some besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world they could get down again.' A striking remark just then for one who was not aware of the offer Whately had just received.

Another great prelate, Bishop Thirlwall, amused himself in the same way. When the mind was jaded over one of his elaborate charges, or some abstruse philological problem, he used to take a stroll in his garden at Abergwili, book in hand, or surrounded with his domestic pets. We all know how the poet Cowper cheered his melancholy hours many a time with the gambols of his pet hares, 'Tiny, Puss, and Bess.'

While Kepler worked out the secret of the heavenly bodies, 'going over his calculations sixty

times,' he now and then turned aside to write almanacs for his daily bread. So the weary worker took his recreation. Addison in his later years used to retire to the picture-gallery of Holland House, called afterwards the Long Room. There he sought repose and the solace of strong waters. The tradition is that he placed a bottle and a glass at each end of it, and so alternately exercised his lips and his legs. Now and then, by way of a change, he would stroll down to a coffee-house at Kensington to drink his solitary glass, and thus endeavour to forget awhile public business and domestic troubles. It used to be a pet amusement with Molière, the French dramatist, to ensconce himself in the corner of a barber's shop and there silently watch the air, gestures, and grimaces of the village politicians, who in those days, before coffee-houses were introduced into France, used to congregate in this place of resort. The fruits of this study may be easily discerned in those original sketches of character, from the middle and lower classes, with which his pieces everywhere abound, and which made his plays so popular amongst his countrymen. 'Courage, Molière,' cried an old man from the pit; 'this is genuine comedy.' And the success of the poet vindicated the critical wisdom of the old man.

The only relaxation Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, allowed himself was a walk which he invariably took during his life at Königsberg at about the same hour every afternoon. His usual stroll was along the banks of the Pregele towards the Friedrich's Fort; and in these walks he was always a careful observer of the phenomena of Nature. He told his friends one day how, as he passed a certain building in his daily walk, he had noticed several young swallows lying dead upon the ground. On looking up, he discovered, as he fancied, that the old birds were actually throwing their young ones out of the nests. It was a season remarkable for the scarcity of insects, and the birds were apparently sacrificing some of their progeny to save the rest. 'At this,' added Kant, 'my intellect was hushed; the only thing to do here was to fall down and worship.' Another great philosopher, Bishop Butler, used to take his recreation, according to one of his chaplains, in a somewhat singular manner: he would walk for hours in the little garden behind his palace at Bristol 'in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford.'

It may be mentioned that some learned men have found amusement in composing works on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death; Pierius Valerianus wrote a eulogium on beards; and a French author has in modern times composed with due gravity and pleasantry a learned treatise, entitled *Eloge de Perruques* (A Eulogium on Wigs). Gaspar Talacotius, of whose feats of surgical skill Butler in his *Hudibras* gives an amusing account, wrote a treatise in Latin called *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, and other members of the human body with proper instruments and bandages—a book which has passed through two editions. Dr Johnson somewhere observes that it seems to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this

ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer, the bees of Virgil, the butterfly of Spenser, the quincunx of Sir Thomas Browne, and the 'little celandine' of Wordsworth.

### A GRIFFIN AND HIS SERVANTS.

THE ways of a Griffin are hard: his fellow-countrymen hoax him; whilst the dusky sons of the soil plunder him. The latter do this more or less during the whole of his sojourn in India, but not to the same extent as they do it while in his griffinage. For that period he is as a sheep in the hands of the shearers, and shearers too who are not particular as to what depth they cut in removing the fleece. But never yet was callow Englishman in the hands of the Philistines as early in his career in India as I was; for before the ship that bore me to that sultry clime hove to off Garden Reach, Calcutta, a Madrasee 'boy' of some thirty summers appeared on deck and appropriated me to his service. His name was Ramma Sawmy. Where he came from, to this day I cannot tell; but there he was before—it appeared to me—the steamer had stopped. He looked round, spotted me, a palpable griffin, and making a saluam, asked if 'Master' wanted coolies to take his baggage on shore. I certainly did; and before I had time to make terms for their services, my trunks were on the top of a gharry and I was inside. Ramma Sawmy got on the box, and away we drove to the *Auckland Hotel*. I had intended going to another (Spence's); but Ramma Sawmy thought differently, informing me 'many gentlemen go there, no much room.' On this point I have no cause to find fault with him, for I liked the *Auckland*, and could not have done better; but that was not the point—it simply showed what a master mind Ramma Sawmy had. He evidently was completely at home at the *Auckland*, and I was at his mercy there. He spoke to the manager about my room, saw my luggage safely deposited therein, paid the coolies, and then said he should like to enter my service.

Being at an hotel, I did not quite see what I should want with a servant; but Ramma Sawmy told me 'all gentlemen keep servant, if only for the look of the thing. Besides, I was inexperienced in the ways of punkah coolies and other necessities of life in India; these it would be his business to look after for me, otherwise my life would be a burden in such an enervating climate. I succumbed; and Ramma Sawmy was engaged there and then at twenty rupees a month—twelve or fourteen would have been ample—to be my servitor as long as I remained in Calcutta; with a proviso, that if he suited, he would go up country with me when my destination was decided upon.

Once engaged, my domestic entered on his duties with great promptitude; he put my things in order; sorted out my dirty linen, the accumulations of the voyage, made a list of it, as he intended bringing a man for it in the morning, and then suggested I should take a drive on the Mall.

But by this time I was beginning to wonder if it would be judicious to leave Ramma Sawmy in possession of my property, and thought of the Latin proverb which asks, 'Who shall guard the

guards themselves?'—so suggested the propriety of Ramma Sawmy giving me references. This was too much for him. He felt hurt—I could see it by the twitching of his mouth as he said he would in the morning bring documentary evidence of his goodness so overwhelming, that I might consider myself lucky in having secured the services of such a paragon. He spoke with so much emotion, I believed him, and took my first drive in Calcutta, happy in my mind at the thought of being able to leave my belongings in the care of such a guardian.

Early the next morning he was by my bedside with coffee and a biscuit; these I demolished whilst he arranged my clothes, then he placed his testimonials in my hand. I read them once, I read them twice, and think I should have read them a third time, had I not looked up and seen Ramma Sawmy standing with bowed head, the picture of silent reproof. Tears came as I grasped his hand, for was he not a Mutiny hero; had he not saved the lives of a certain lady and her children; had he not been a good and faithful servant to sundry generals, colonels, and commissioners; and I had ventured to doubt, for one short moment, such a man! 'But never again, Ramma Sawmy! Only serve me as you have served your king—as a great cardinal once observed—and so long as my salary is duly paid, so long shall you receive a portion of it.'

Confidence being established between us, Sawmy suggested going to the bazaar to purchase blacking and sundry little articles of daily use. To do this he wanted rupees, which were to be accounted for in due course; but these, as well as many more rupees, were not altogether satisfactorily accounted for; though perhaps I was not a competent judge of the value of the things bought. He also assisted me in purchasing several articles of intricate workmanship in the China bazaar, presents for home. Besides this, he helped me greatly in beating down the numerous 'box wallahs' who came in swarms to my room with articles for sale.

It was wonderful what a number of things I found necessary, or was persuaded were so, whilst staying in Calcutta; I therefore welcomed the order I received one morning to go to Allahabad and report myself to an official there. It was now I found out the real value of my treasure; he packed my things, sent the heavy baggage off by steamer, told me what we should want on the journey, and laid in stores for it. He depicted the meagre fare we should obtain *en route*—the chances of a breakdown, and consequent privation if not amply supplied with tinned provisions. I therefore left him with a free hand, whilst I devoted my last few hours to home letters.

In the one to my mother I told her of the dusky treasure I had secured; begged her to increase her subscription to the S.P.V.—a Society profanely called by a friend one for the propagation of vice in foreign parts—and finally assured her that her parting advice to be kind and patient to the mild Hindu should be carefully carried out.

My letters posted, presents packed and made over to my agents for despatch, I had not a care as we crossed the Hooghly to get to the railway station at Howrah, where we commenced our journey to the North-western Provinces. I took

our tickets to Raneegunge, giving Ramma Sawmy his, whilst I chummed with a doctor and two young officers bound for Patna.

Arrived at Raneegunge, the extent of our railway journey, I looked for Ramma Sawmy amongst the native passengers, but could not see him, for, like the vulgar boy of Ingoldsby, 'he was not there ;' and to quote Ingoldsby again, slightly altered—'never to this hour have I beheld that native boy.'

I should like to pause now and express my feelings in red ink, but dare not, so will describe Raneegunge instead. It will be more soothing, for it will give me no trouble. In fact, the railway station and an hotel comprised the place as far as I saw it. The first I had done with when Ramma Sawmy could not be found there ; the latter I stayed at for an hour or two, simply to get my dinner. It was a barn-like edifice, cheerless and unhome-like, whilst the food was high, so was the price of it. Perhaps I took a jaundiced view of everything that night. But I was not dull during dinner, for amongst the people at the table was a young fellow suffering from sunstroke or D.T. He had a pistol, which he presented at the head of a servant whenever he called for anything. This kept things lively, especially when on some one saying, 'It is not loaded,' he replied, 'Oh ! isn't it ?' and shot at a lamp hanging on the wall, smashing it. This was too much for his neighbours, who seized him, took the pistol, and threw it out of the door. A general row now began, in which not seeing my way to join profitably, I got into the conveyance which was to take me to Allahabad, and drove off.

In due course I arrived at my destination, reported myself to the proper authority, who told me I had better get a staff of servants used to camp-life, as my next two years would most likely be spent under canvas. Easier said than done, especially as I was warned against English-speaking natives. That I quite agreed with, for could not Ramma Sawmy speak it perfectly. There was, however, one exception to this rule ; this was a native clerk, whose chief qualification had to be a knowledge of English.

Whilst looking for this member of my staff, my baggage arrived from Calcutta. It was duly delivered, and I looked forward to gazing at my belongings with fond delight ; so I did—on what there was ; but how little ! First I wept, then 'swear-words' came to my relief, and if they were as effective as they were potent, Ramma Sawmy departed before his time to a place where my appropriated clothing would be superfluous. Later on, I heard from home that the cases I delivered to my agents containing, as I believed, choice works of native art, simply covered odd specimens of coarse pottery. What I said when I heard this was of the same nature as the pottery ; it will therefore be well if I refrain from repeating it. It will also be well if Ramma Sawmy and his wicked ways be left alone, whilst I relate my first experiences with young Bengal.

I have said my native clerk was expected to know English, and this is what the first applicant for that post sent me as a specimen of his idea of the language :

RESPECTED SIR—I beg to say that my mind is greatly confounded : will you kindly let me know

if I may enter your service or may I go back to my house ; Mr — told me verbally that when you start I shall be joined to your staff at — : still I have no result on the subject but now (sir) if your honor give me order I will ascertain the fact what is with all possible means ; and having learnt the meaning of the cause I shall act according to my own will ; I now beseech your forgiveness in haste ; when I would be duly favoured by your kind reply, by your doing so I will lose no time to offer up my Prayer to the almighty father for your long life and prosperity.—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

WOMESH CHUNDER BANERJEE.

This literary production was of the sort Huckleberry Finn described as 'interesting but tough' ; it was also so peculiar that I longed to see the writer, and *hear* English 'as she is spoke' on the plains of Hindustan. It also occurred to me that I might get this worthy to write my home letters ; they would impress my relations with the idea that I was studying the language and getting befogged with it. I therefore sent for Mr Banerjee, who appeared in a spotless white surtouf ; side spring boots, with their tags standing out at right angles to his legs ; close-cropped hair, and an umbrella.

The English language as spoken by young Bengal does not give one the idea of being a plain one—flowery rhetoric and metaphor take the place of our homely phrases, and Mr Banerjee kept these well to the front during our interview. But on the whole he seemed a satisfactory person, and I engaged him.

I have forgotten, I see, to say that, just before leaving Calcutta, Ramma Sawmy wanted an advance in cash, to enable his family to live whilst he was away. He got it, and that fact rankled in my bosom more than all his other delinquencies put together ; so, when Mr Banerjee suggested having a month's pay in advance for his family's benefit, my choler rose, and I 'went for' Mr Banerjee. Luckily for him, I tripped and missed my man, who, with a yell of terror, bolted, his white garments streaming in the wind, his umbrella sailing away like a parachute, whilst spasmodically he shouted : 'Do you want to kill, sir ?' No, I didn't ; I only wanted to impress on him my views on the subject of monetary advances. It was not to be, though, for Mr Banerjee got safely to a house in the bazaar, where I left him, and hoped the next griffin he came across would be able to run faster than I could.

The next servant whose peculiarities afforded me food for reflection was a jokist, the only native I ever heard of in that line of business. His name was Kurreem Bux, and the way he once 'played it on me' was something any man might be proud of, especially as it was the chance of a lifetime ; he grasped the situation and got his reward. A lion had been killed in the Central Provinces, and a friend—a great 'shikari'—told me they always went in couples ; if therefore, we could get leave and post down sharp, we might bag the mate of the one shot. Leave was obtained, and away we went. A small staging bungalow, built for some surveyors, was situated in the jungles not far from where we expected to get news of the lion, if it existed ;

this we had permission to use, and to it we sent our luggage a day or two in advance. Never shall I forget the place or its inhabitants. They principally consisted of the insect tribe, known entomologically as *Cimex lectularia*. And weren't they hungry! Truly, I believe the fiend in human form who gave us leave to use the place was coming before long to it, and wished his tenants to have the edge taken off their appetites, and we were to do it. But it was not to be; they were too much *en evidence*. One look at them was enough; we left the bungalow, and took up our quarters beneath a banyan tree.

After dinner, we arranged our plan of campaign, and then curled ourselves up to sleep the sleep of the just, just as the moon began to rise. We must have slept long, for when I was disturbed by my man, Kurreem Bux, pressing my foot gently, the moon was well up, and the place nearly as light as day.

'Sahib, sahib,' softly whispered Kurreem, 'there is the lion.'

In a moment I was 'all there.' Yes; certainly I could see the tail half of some animal behind a bush, apparently eating.

'What is he doing there, Kurreem?'

'That is where the cook killed some fowls, and I suppose the lion is eating the entrails.'

Quite satisfied with this explanation, I took my rifle, looked at my chum, who was fast asleep, and crept from bush to bush till I could get a fair shot at the beast. I fired; the bullet went thud, and I waited to see if the other barrel would be wanted.

What a row there was in a moment; the whole place seemed alive with people. My chum was shouting 'What is it?' the servants were bolting right and left; Kurreem was shouting 'A lion, a lion!' and my quarry was kicking away in the bush where it fell.

Now, whilst I was deliberating about the wisdom of going up to a wounded lion, a native appeared from behind a bush close to where I had fired; he went to the animal, and after giving vent to a wail of woe that rent the skies, said—at least, according to the *Delhi Gazette*:

Oh! sir,  
Was no other animal ready?  
Why couldn't you shoot a jackal or cur,  
And spare me my hard-working Neddy!

I had shot a villager's donkey. Kurreem Bux disappeared for several days, and on his return kept at a respectful distance. Eventually I forgave him; and no doubt, when peace was restored, he had many a chuckle as he thought of how he had sold a Sahib.

#### SOME OLD POLITICAL TOASTS.

THE decline and fall of the old health-drinking customs have naturally rendered the art of political toasting of little account. Beyond the conventional sentiments usually given at party banquets and convivial gatherings—the cause, and the leader—Political Toasts have but little existence. It was much otherwise a century ago. Your toast and your song were not then a figure of speech. Health-proposing and health-drinking were serious matters, and no one could shirk his duty therein. Any member of a dinner-

party or other social gathering was expected, if called upon, to give a sentiment which the rest of the company could honour. Of course, many of these sentiments became stereotyped, and several collections were made containing many hundreds of these favourite accompaniments to good liquor.

As political passion then ran high, and party feeling was inflamed, it is not surprising to find the political toast figuring prominently in the social life of the period. In the course of his Welsh wanderings in 1794, Coleridge was at Bala, and at some public table gave the health of the then famous Dr Priestley of Birmingham; whereupon the loyal parish apothecary, who was present, said: 'I gives a sentiment, gemmen! May all republicans be guillotined!' A comprehensive proposal, and somewhat sanguinary withal, but very pithily expressed. The political toasts of the last century were often marked by great coarseness, and what one might almost call brutality. There are several collections devoted to sentiments of this type, and some of them display amazing ferocity.

Many framers of political toasts were fond of displaying their ingenuity by disguising their exact intentions under some allusive sentiment or phrase of double meaning. On the 24th of January 1798, the birthday of Charles James Fox, there was a great dinner at the famous *Crown and Anchor*. The Whigs assembled in force—two thousand are said to have been present—with the Duke of Norfolk in the chair. The first toast was the health of Fox, and then the Duke proposed successively, 'Rights of the People,' 'Constitutional Redress of the Wrongs of the People,' with other catch-words and phrases which the Whigs then inscribed on their banners. The health of the chairman was drunk, and then the irrepressible Duke gave 'Our Sovereign's Health—the Majesty of the People!' This was sailing rather too near the wind, and the king promptly dismissed the Duke from his various offices. On the 1st of May in the same year, the Whig Club had a dinner at the *Freemasons' Tavern*, and Fox repeated the offence by giving as a toast, 'The Sovereignty of the People of Great Britain.' As soon as the king heard of this performance, he ordered the great Whig's name to be erased from the list of Privy Councillors.

Toasts of this character were not confined to public gatherings. At private dinners the custom of proposing sentiments was universal, and when ardent politicians got their knees under the same table, the toasts given reflected the political views of those assembled. When Samuel Rogers was a young man of twenty-nine, he once dined at a friend's house with Thomas Paine, freethinker and republican. One of the toasts given was the 'Memory of Joshua,' with reference, no doubt, to the Hebrew leader's conquest of the kings of Canaan, and his disposal of them thereafter by hanging and otherwise. Paine observed that he would not treat kings like Joshua. 'I'm of the Scotch parson's opinion,' he said, 'when he prayed against Louis XIV.—"Lord, shake him over the mouth of hell, but don't let him drop!"' Paine then gave as his contribution to the toast-list, 'The Republic of the World,' which Rogers noted as

a sublime idea. It was a kind of anticipation of the Laureate's lines in *Locksley Hall*:

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

In Ireland in 1808, when aid from France was expected by those disaffected towards the English rule, a popular toast was 'The Feast of the Passover.' Early in the present century, Pitt Clubs were very numerous throughout the country. They were founded in support of that great minister's policy during the titanic struggle with Napoleon, and continued to flourish long after Waterloo had finally ended that contest. The favourite toasts were, 'The Duke of Wellington,' 'The Gallant Blucher,' and then, 'True Blue and Prussian Blue—the colours that beat Bonaparte black and blue!' It has been ingeniously surmised that this toast, and the popularity at that time of the Prussians, gave rise to Sam Weller's singular form of welcome to his father, whom he saluted with, 'Vell, my Prooshan Blue!'—a phrase which was unintelligible to the competitors for Mr C. S. Calverley's prizes, given in 1857, for proficiency in the 'PICKWICK PAPERS,' and was even a stone of offence to the learned examiner himself.

The Jacobites were extremely ingenious in their methods of showing convivial disloyalty without too openly committing themselves. Every one knows the method of drinking the health of the king 'over the water,' but this was only one of many devices. In 1715 they were fond of toasting an individual called Job. This was not the much-tried man of infinite and proverbial patience, but simply a combination of the initials of James, Ormonde, and Bolingbroke. Other favourites were 'Kit'—which in the same way represented King James Third—and 'the three Bs,' which mystery meant Best Born Briton, and so the Chevalier. In earlier days, during the Commonwealth, the Cavaliers are said to have expressed their feelings towards the usurper by a tolerably transparent device. They put a crumb of bread into their glass, and then, before drinking it off, exclaimed, 'God send this crumb well down!' For a long time after King William III. met his death from his horse having stumbled over a molehill in the park of Hampton Court Palace, the Jacobites kept the memory of the humble earth-borer fresh by drinking to the health of 'The Little gentleman in black velvet.' Among the wilder spirits, the health-drinking was not complete unless it were performed on the bared knee. As Wildrake sings in *Woodstock*:

Then let the health go round;  
For though your stocking be of silk,  
Your knee shall kiss the ground, a-ground, a-ground,  
a-ground,  
Your knee shall kiss the ground.

On the other side, the supporters of the settlement of 1688, and all who detested the Stuarts, had plenty of sentiments whereby to testify, in bacchanalian moments, to their loyalty to the House of Hanover. The famous 'Calves'-head Club' distinguished itself in this connection. Their favourite day of meeting and holding high festival was January 30, the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I., and their toasts smack of the brutality of the time. Among their

sentiments were, 'The Pious Memory of Oliver Cromwell,' 'The Glorious Year 1648,' 'The Man in the Mask'—referring to the king's executioner—and others of similar hue. We have travelled a long distance since such toasts as the last named could be tolerated in decent society. The most devoted admirer of the rule of Oliver Cromwell would hesitate nowadays to toast that 'Man in the Mask' whose personality is as little capable of satisfactory identification as is his of the Iron Mask. Political sentiments do not now go hand in hand with the flowing bowl—the overflowing bowl—as they used to do, and political toasts, except of the most conventional kind, are practically extinct.

#### IN AUTUMN DAYS.

Do you think of the long ago, sweet heart,  
As we stand by the old brook's side,  
And, russet and brown, the leaves float down  
To drift away with the tide?  
Do you think of the days gone by,  
When we sat by this dimpled stream  
Dreaming for hours 'mid its gay wild flowers,  
As only youth can dream?

The haws are ripe on the fading boughs  
Where the thrushes used to sing,  
When the sky was blue and the blossom new  
In the fresh and joyful Spring;  
And I dared to plead my love  
Till your lips sweet answer gave,  
While, rich and bright, the quivering light  
Lay on the silver wave.

You say we are older now—and wise;  
And the time of dreams is o'er,  
For our children play on the sunny way  
Where we kept our tryst before.  
So you pluck the crimson haws,  
Which are stirred by no brown wing,  
And give a sigh to the days gone by,  
And the vanished bloom of Spring.

But look up into my face, sweet heart!  
You have been my wife for years:  
We have had our share of toil and care,  
And wept together some tears.  
Yet our hearts have aye been bound  
In a bond so truly blest,  
That I cannot tell (I love so well)  
If Autumn or Spring is best.

E. MATHESON.

#### \*\* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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